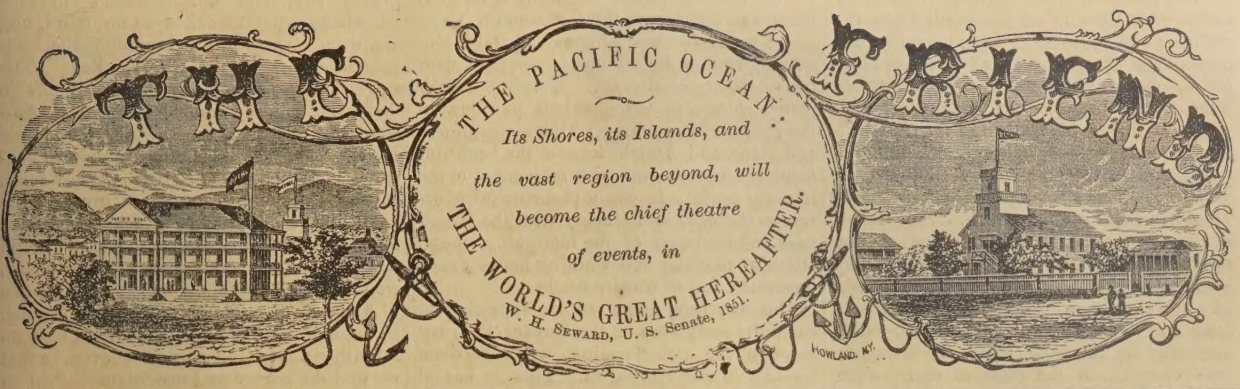

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THE FRIEND.

JANUARY 1, 1880.

☞ Just as our paper was going to press on this 31st day of December, 1879, the interesting and imposing ceremonies connected with the laying of the corner-stone of the new Palace were in progress. Our limits will not allow us to make even a meagre report of the proceedings. We would merely add that the box containing the articles deposited was fitted to its place and the corner-stone let fall at just one o'clock P. M. Imagine some thousands of years hence, when Hawaiian and English are among the "dead languages," some future Cesnola or Schliemann shall, with ruthless hands, displace this corner-stone and open the sealed box, when unfolding the various documents there deposited, he should, after much study, decipher the following:

T–H–E F–R–I–E–N–D!

"Ah, that," he exclaims, "is the oldest paper in the Pacific." Wonderful discovery—A. D. 4444!

Dr. Scott.—We learn from the *Reunion*, published in Lebanon, Ohio, that our late U. S. Consul has been "elected by a splendid majority to his old place in the Legislature" of Ohio, and he is now at Columbus. From a letter recently received from him, under date of Dec. 5th, we copy as follows: "I have just returned from a visit to Washington city. I dined with the President while there. He is still firm on the temperance question. He told me that Mr. H. A. P. Carter called on him on his way to Germany."

☞ We have received a letter for Patrick Bark, of Hilo, which he will find with Rev. A. O. Forbes.

Davies—At White Cross, Hereford, England, Nov. 7th, of bronchitis, the Rev. Theophilus Davies, aged 81 years and 18 days.

In copying the above from last week's *Advertiser*, we would add that, ten years ago, when visiting England, it was our privilege to spend a few days in the most agreeable society of the deceased, then residing in the vicinity of Manchester. We learn from his son that his honored father had uniformly enjoyed good health through his long ministerial career, and preached before an association only ten days before his much-lamented death. Respected and beloved by a wide circle of friends and old parishioners, he belonged to a denomination in England about which the eminent Rev. Dr. Hall of New York thus spoke in one of his lectures, delivered before the students of Yale Theological School: "The Congregationalists, I am glad to say, are very strong. They are quite numerous, and their influence is out of proportion to their numbers. They are fortunate, especially, in having a large number of very efficient ministers. A stranger stopping over the Sabbath in one of the English cities, and inquiring for the church where he can hear the best preaching, is very apt to be referred to the Congregational church."

Since writing the above, our attention has been called to a most interesting notice of the life and death of the Rev. Mr. Davies, copied from the *Hereford Times* of November 2d. In it there is a report of the funeral sermon, preached by the Rev. J. O. Hill, in the Eign Brook Congregational Chapel. He chose for his text, "O death! where is thy sting." He spoke most eloquently of the long and successful ministerial career of the deceased, commencing in 1823. It appears that for over 200 years the family of Davies has been represented in the Congregational ministry, the Rev. J. Alden Davies, of Croydon, now representing the family name. It would appear that all the events connected with the life and death of the deceased were such as to leave a most happy impression upon the minds of surviving friends.

RAMBLES IN THE OLD WORLD—No. 36

Autumn Days in the Netherlands.

ACROSS THE BORDER.

It has always seemed to me rather an unnecessary exercise of parental authority, as manifested in the case of those French peasants who, as I have somewhere read, were wont to take their children to the boundary-line and there administer to them a sound "thrashing with rods," in order that they, poor little things, might remember where their own land ended and where the territory of the stranger and the foe began. It was alleged that this exterior application strengthened the memory to such an extent that it was never found necessary to repeat it. Now, as I was saying, it has always seemed to me quite unnecessary. For I am sure the dullest of people, the sleepiest of travellers, must know by a sort of instinct when they are crossing the border. You feel the new spirit of the land you are entering waiting on the frontier to welcome or repel you. It would seem almost as if countries resembled certain individuals, whose mere presence has a greater and more moving eloquence than the spoken words of others. However this may be, I for one *felt* the presence of Holland in some mysterious, inexplicable way as I first entered Dutch territory with the early days of last September. The hour, the moonlight, the witchery of the night, may have had something to do with this. The land lay in one unending plain. One never sees mountains here, except those which the restless, tawny waves of the sea along the shore rear in swift, passionate moments. The moon lighted the landscape—not regally, lavishly, as with us in the tropics, but with a softened lustre which seemed in harmony with the quiet of the land. Through the night the gaunt arms of the windmills—those guardian angels of Holland—rose into view, but losing much of their stiffness, their good-natured awkwardness in the silvery light and velvety shadows. The arrowy straightness and precise lines of the canals were rendered more poetic by the soft and billowy waves of pearl-grey mist which floated above them. On the horizon were dense masses of dark and sombre woodland and forest, pierced now and then by the friendly gleam of yellow light. The sweet, faint odors of

the late summer, of the country, of the dewy night, filled the air. I felt on all sides the embrace and welcome of dear, brave, heroic, grand little Holland. I had been reading for months, with tear-filled eyes and throbbing heart, the glorious history of that mighty struggle for truth and liberty which was here waged for well-nigh one hundred years, and I felt it to be one of the greatest privileges of my life to be permitted at length to tread the soil which, for all lovers of liberty in every land and every coming age, must be indeed *holy!* If there may seem in all this the sentimental enthusiasm of a traveller, then read and re-read the sublime epic of that marvelous period—then come and see the land where this tragedy was enacted, in the blaze of martyr-fires, amid the smoke and gore of sacked cities, dreary battle-fields and desolated homes, where a handful of great-souled men and women won the field before the greatest armies of the world, and gained for you and me the fair and fruitful blessings of liberty of conscience,—and you will but echo my enthusiasm. Through the infinite peace of the night I seemed to see the sad, earnest, now triumphant face and figure of my chosen hero, my knight "*sans peur et sans reproche*," the soldier, the Christian, the martyr—"William the Silent!"

NORTH HOLLAND.

I was pleased that circumstances permitted my seeing a portion of Holland not visited, perhaps, by the majority of travelers. My first halting place was *Groningen*, the great market centre for an extensive and most fruitful region. My hotel was situated on a great public "place," one of the largest in all Holland, which on market days is crowded with sellers and buyers from all the country round. The chiming of the bells gave me welcome in this first city I visited, something which was to accompany me, I found, all through Holland and Belgium. There was something especially soothing and welcoming to a stranger, coming into a new city in an unknown land, at night, this soft, musical murmur of the bells, repeated with every recurring hour of the night, like a lullaby, a message of peace through the darkness. One of the most delicious experiences of travel is that sense of novelty which strikes you in everyday objects and sets you gazing like the most inquisitive child. I found my bedroom, with its canopied bed, where curtains shielded me like a tent, especially delightful. In many a long day I have seen nothing so charming in its way as the hotel breakfast table which greeted me the first morning at Groningen. Certainly Dutch neatness, I thought, has not been exaggerated. The linen was spotless, the glass crystal itself, the silver laughing at its own brightness. The air was pervaded by a friendly bubbling and hissing of the water in the great central urn, which was fairly captivating. Each guest had his separate tea-service, arranged with the most exquisite care. The table was spread with preserves, with all manner of white breads and brown, with breakfast cakes and puffy buns, and the delicious cheeses for which the region is famed. Pardon me for tarrying so long at the breakfast table, but I found in it such an epitome of Holland that I could scarcely forbear sketching it for you. Here was Dutch ease, love of comfort, slowness; everyone sipped his tea as if he had nothing else in life to do to compare with the solemnity of this act. Here was Dutch justice shown in the generous portions, in the plenty of everything; Dutch cleanliness and thrift, and Dutch love of the beautiful displayed in the minutest arrangement of the friendly board. It was a pleasant introduction to the day, in harmony with the sweetness and freshness of the morning, a moral stimulus to make the working hours exact, honorable, full of worthy deeds

Our way (you know we are expecting to catch the early boat on the Zuyder Zee) lay through the rich farming lands between Groningen and Harlingen. This is one of the most productive portions of all Holland. It is the home, too, of a brave, thrifty, noble race—the Frisians, the old Germanic stock of whom Tacitus tells us. I enjoyed meeting them, watching them at the different stations. It chanced to be some fete day, and the trains were crowded with peasants in "brave attire." The costume *de fete* is, you will acknowledge, staid and Puritanical enough—for the men, black, sober, clerical, angular; for the women, black; for the children, black. At first I thought there might be some great funeral in the district, but as the same costume appeared on every side, worn by people in the heartiest and jolliest humor, I found it better to laugh than weep. The women, many of them, wear heavy metal bands encircling the head, in front terminating oftentimes in beautiful ornaments of gold, all this Amazonian helmet being feminized and softened by little covering caps, dainty muslin affairs adorned with embroideries and lace, and above all this is perched a bonnet of modern make, ornamented with feathers and ribbons, the whole being the quaintest medley imaginable. They are a hardy, healthy race, the North Hollanders—the women especially, in this district through which we are passing, being oftentimes strikingly handsome, with great, full, innocent eyes and satiny white skins stained with vivid rose. There was something Junonian about them, albeit their staid attire seemed to forbid such a classic and profane comparison. Ah, the delicious sweetness and meadow fragrance of that early autumn morning! As the train paused we glanced at *Leeuwarden*, the old capital of Frisia, set in the midst of a wide and smiling landscape. Then came *Franeker*, where was once a University, which, however, Napoleon I trampled out of existence. And a little farther on our train came to a standstill at the dock at *Harlingen*.

A DAY ON THE ZUYDER ZEE.

There are certain names which make an indelible impression on our memories when as children we bend over our geographical maps. For my fancy, at least, *Zuyder Zee* was one of these, having a place along with other curious names, though less euphonic, as Skagerrack, Kattegat and Kamtschatka. Last year I faced the keen wind blowing down the two former. I faced this summer the Zuyder Zee. Will my wanderings lead me at length to Kamtschatka? We had just time to glance at the gray old houses and walls of Harlingen, rising upwards to a yet grayer sky, and our steamer's nervous whistle impatiently called us on board, and we were soon foaming through the dull-colored waves of the Zuyder Zee. The steamer takes something like six hours to make the journey from Harlingen to Amsterdam. As you are aware, the whole Dutch coast has been, since unknown centuries the scene of the ocean's wildest sport. In the thirteenth century it invaded the land, and uniting with a near-lying lake, formed the mighty Zuyder Zee. Should you chance to have an atlas at your elbow, would you kindly follow me, steaming down to Amsterdam. The day is fresh and cool, in the morning the sky clouded, but later on revealing a blue and glorious heaven, so that we find the harbor of Amsterdam bathed in sunshine in the afternoon. We skirt the coast as far as *Stavoren*, where rises the friendly tower of the lighthouse. Here there is a little group waiting to receive us. Passengers are coming on board. It is noontime at the village school, and the wharf is filled with round-faced, rosy-cheeked boys and girls of the most pronounced Dutch type, and the air is filled with their laughing and shouting and the "clack, clack, clack" of their great wooden shoes. The benevolent old pastor, with his smooth black cloak and spotless cravat, stands in the midst of them. His whole flock seems to be here. The coming of the steamer must be the day's sensation. We are taking on board scores of great round cheeses. At length they are in place. The chains are thrown off, and we steam across the channel to *Enkhuizen*. The little town, in the noon sunshine, forms a most beautiful picture. All along the shore are precise and proper rows of trees, looking like a company of Dutch burgers wrapped in their mantles at conference or church. There is a picturesque, lofty tower of the middle ages, rising above an ancient gate, and in its old age, from its bells high up in air, the belfry sending out tender, mellow music to those far out at sea. In Enkhuizen, Paul Potter, the famous painter of animal life, was born in 1625. We shall see many of his paintings, so strong, so true, so lifelike, as we go on through the Netherlands, and especially his world-renowned "Bull," in the Royal Gallery at the Hague. Oddly enough, there was brought on board at Enkhuizen a fine young bull, with soft brown hair flecked with white, full of a grand, irrepressible life, and I felt that the stock had not run out—at least in the animals—since the days Paul Potter found "studies" in the clover-carpeted fields of his birthplace. But have we any *painter* now with his magic brush?

Out once more to the gray bosom of the Zuyder Zee, which now broadens to a great and expansive bay. From Enkhuizen across the Zuyder Zee to Kampen, there is a project for running a colossal dam, drawing off the water, and thus rescuing for Holland an immense tract of land. It would be a herculean piece of engineering, but if successful, of immense importance to the country. But after what has been accomplished in this land of wonders, nothing would be surprising. We are in the midst of a great bay; on all sides are passing sails of ships or fishing boats (the latter rising in great picturesque brown masses against the blue

sky), or the curling smoke from some hurrying steamer. The shores lie low, but varied by picturesque villages, by church spires, by forests of windmills. On one side we look off, far away through the blue haze, to the coast near which lies the town of *Zwolle*, where Thomas a Kempis, of holy name and fame, lived in the cloister for well-nigh 70 years, where he wrote his immortal "De Imitatione Christi." Here he died in 1471, in his ninety-third year,—one of the sweetest, rarest, holiest men the world has ever known. On our right, just discernible, is the little village of Hoorn, the birthplace of Wilhelm Schouten, who was the first, in 1616, to sail round that stormy southern cape. to which he gave the name of his native village in Holland. But before us is rising a stately and picturesque city into view, glittering in the sunshine, seen through a forest of masts, from which wave the flags of all nations. The sluices are passed, the haven reached, and we land on the busy wharf of *Amsterdam*.

A FEW WORDS FROM BERLIN.

The summer—short at the best here at the North—is gone, and winter is at the door. The brief gray days of November are with us. The Thier-garten has doffed its verdant garments of midsummer, and its glorious avenues bend before the winds mourning the death of the year, while the air is filled with myriads of falling, fluttering leaves, a veritable shower of gold. While nature mourns, the city seems filled with a tumultuous joy. The streets are again active and bustling and gay. The public drives and walks are filled with a brilliant throng. The Emperor is once more in the capital, his venerable, fatherly presence being a joy and comfort to every one.

The German people have lost within a week or two one of their leading men—his Excellency Herr von Bulow, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. a man of marked ability and of great nobility and purity of character. His funeral, which took place last week, was of a singularly striking and impressive character. The services were held in the Church of St. Matthew, one of the smaller but more beautiful churches in the city. It was crowded till there was scarcely even standing room. The scene was one not soon to be forgotten. Before the altar, which was almost hidden in a thicket of greenery, was placed the coffin, surrounded by burning tapers and hidden from sight by masses of costly wreaths—rarest garlands of laurel leaves, pale roses, floral crosses and drooping palm branches. At the foot of the coffin, on cushions of purple velvet, were the numerous glittering orders and decorations of the deceased. The body of the church was one of the most brilliant scenes imaginable. All the leading officers of Government in their varied and beautiful uniforms, such as are seen in no country as in Germany; hundreds of the military, the Diplomatic corps, and an immense throng besides, were present. The Emperor, with his brother, sat on one side of the coffin, facing the widow and family. Everyone present seemed moved by the solemnity, by the impressive pathos, and I may say beauty of the scene. The fading light of the late autumn day came softly through the crimson and purple and gold stained windows. The hundreds of brilliant uniforms glittered like one immense jewel; the music of the organ rose and fell in full waves of mellow sound accompanying the hushed chant, "*Sei getren bis in den Tod.*" Before all stood the flower-wreathed coffin of the departed, awing all by its voiceless eloquence; on one side the patriarchal figure of the Emperor, on the other the group of mourners, while triumphantly above the altar was seen a picture of the risen Christ!

During the past two or three weeks the General Synod of the Evangelical Church of the older Provinces of Prussia has been holding its sessions, which closed only last Monday. This has been an important session. The action of the body has been such as to show that there was much earnest life and purpose in the Church, whatever may be said by many to the contrary. The assembly, consisting of full two hundred members, clerical and lay, presented a fine appearance at its sittings. These were held in the chambers of the Prussian House of Lords, a simple but dignified apartment. For my eye at least, there is scarcely a finer or more impressive sight in the world than that of a company of clergymen, and here in Germany I make no exception. There is a dignity in their carriage, a peculiar mingling of sweetness, of strength, of lofty purity in their faces, especially marked in the older clergy, those who wear as a sort of halo at the close of long years of service the glory of their silver hair. Among this large company I noticed the stately Dr. Faber, of Barmen, at the head of the Mission House there; Professor Christlieb, from Bonn; Dr. Kogel, one of the Court chaplains; Pastor Frommel, that most genial, most loveable, most charming of German clergymen; Pastor Fincke, of Bremen, who resembles him in many respects, whose "Life of St. Paul" is a choice and noble work; Dr. Brucken, one of the leading and most thoughtful preachers of Berlin, and a host of others. Among the most important of the lay members of the Synod were His Excellency Count Putkammer, "Cultus Minister," who has just taken the portfolio left by Dr. Falk, famous for his attacks upon the Ultramontanes; Count Boitzenberg, Count Bismarck-Bolland, etc.

Every year Berlin enjoys an exhibition of modern paintings, which is for this city what the Academy is for London and the Salon for Paris, and is here called the "Kunst Ausstellung." All through the autumn it has delighted and feasted the eyes of hundreds of visitors. Most of the artists whose pictures are here exhibited are resident in Berlin. Great as would be the pleasure to describe some of the beautiful paintings which have charmed us here, I must confine myself to the mention of one portrait, which is the glory of the collection, and which has been, so to say, an "art event" this autumn for all Germany. It is the portrait of Queen Louisa of Prussia, the mother of the present Emperor, and is executed by that master in modern portraiture, Herr Gustav Richter. Queen Louisa's name is written in luminous letters in the history of Prussia. She was the daughter of the Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. She was married at an early age to Frederick William III of Prussia, and became one of the most prominent figures in the stormy political conflicts of her period. She was a woman of extraordinary loveliness of person, of a lofty character, marvelously actuated as it were by a sense of her holy mission in the cause of Prussian liberty; in her lifetime the idol of the people, and since her death regarded almost as a saint or guardian angel by the German people. She died in 1809 at the early age of 35, mourned perhaps as no other woman has ever been mourned in Germany. Though the present Emperor was a mere child at her death, he has cherished her memory with a devotion and sacredness, with a poetic tenderness, which still in these late years of his old age is as marked as it is beautiful. The painting by Richter is of transcendent loveliness. You recognize the lovely Queen, transfigured, exalted, inspired by her great purpose. It has been ordered by one of the citizens of Cologne, and is already hung upon the walls of the museum of that city, its rarest treasure. It represents the Queen at the height of her ripened and perfected beauty. The face is full of indescribable hopefulness, sweetness, steadfast purpose, heroic resolve—the face of an Empress, of a leader, softened by the tender, timid lines of wife and motherhood. The figure is superb, clad in a simple robe of white; one dimpled hand is laid upon the breast, the other holds the heavy ermine-lined velvet mantle, which falls upon the marble steps she is descending. The eyes seem to be gazing upon some far distant horizon, invisible to us, Above her brow is a golden star of hope. Behind her are storm-clouds; the air is filled with a winter sadness. Against such a background this glorious, luminous, queenly figure rises like some fair Angel of Hope and Inspiration. F. WILLIAMS DAMON.

Berlin, Nov. 5th, 1879.

We copy the following paragraphs from private letters:

P. S—I have been very busy with my lectures since writing you last, and they are opening up every day more and more delightfully. Just came in from a noble lecture from grand old Adolph Kirchhoff, the celebrated Greek scholar, on Thucydides. I am expecting to hear in addition Professor Steinthal on Language in General; Prof. Hubner on Classical Philology; Prof. Curtius (a famous name) on Athens and its Monuments; Dr. Zummer on the Indo-Germanic Languages; and Prof. Lepsius on Egyptian Antiquities. As some of these lectures require but two or three hours a week, I think I can, without crowding, take them all. The Sanskrit Grammar, by good Professor Whitney, which has appeared within a few days, is like all that he writes, exact, wonderfully clear, and as perfect as anything of the kind can be. He is regarded as one of the very first authorities in everything of this kind. My lectures are the source of the very greatest pleasure and delight to me, and the days seem to fly away on swift wing. I am in a state of mental "crystallization." The condition is delightful! A thousand things in my studies seem to be coming into place; facts, principles, theories are righting themselves.

Every day this horizon of language, of philological study, seems to be widening; and then to me the wonderful living breath which seems to animate the great body of comparative philology — this union, this bringing together of races so long sundered, this grand thought of the human brotherhood, is inspiring, stimulating, glorious!

Have just received a little book with a Bible verse, printed in over 200 languages. To-day, received a letter from Prof. Mather, ordering a cast of the Olympian "Hermes" for Amherst College.

Yesterday, the 25th day of November, will be one of my "In Memoriam" days. It brought me word of my brother's "grand promotion"—of his "home-going"—I cannot bring myself to use the word death. This was the most glorious beginning of a better life. Above all my grief and pain and personal loss, I feel thankful that I was permitted on earth to call him brother—that I am privileged to feel, in humble reverence of heart, that he is to-day one of that redeemed host who stand before the throne. My playmate, my brother, my friend—this he will ever be to me; but now, above all, a companion of glorified souls, one of the messengers of the heavenly court, luminous with divine light. Ah, through my tears I repeat it, we have been wondrously honored. Willie's was the purest, sunniest, most childlike and generous nature I ever knew. The memory of his hearty, rich and joyous laugh seems to be ringing about me still, and I hope to hear it all through my life. I can truly say, "God's will be done," and rejoice that he is safe beyond the pain and sin and sorrow of earth, clothed with raiment of light, whiter than snow. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

This morning I went with Mrs. Thompson out to the Jerusalem Kirchhoff, where Dr. Thompson is buried. She has entrusted the grave to me. I shall tend it with a twofold love and care, for I loved most truly the dear "Doctor," and I shall feel as if, in so doing, I was caring at the same time for another mound under a more sunny sky.

F. W. D.

Rev. C. T. Haley.—By the passing steamer bound to Australia, this gentleman gave us a call. He is on a voyage around the world for his health, having been granted a furlough by his parishioners, connected with a Presbyterian church in Newark, New Jersey. He was accompanied by his sister.

Rev. O. C. Thompson.—This gentleman, after preaching for nearly fifty years in Detroit, Michigan, and vicinity, has been making a visit to California and the Islands. He was among the first ministers in Michigan. Having returned from the volcano with his daughter, he was ready to embark with some fifty or more other passengers for San Francisco had the Australian steamer called as usual, hence he was obliged to remain till next month.

For the New Year.

The veil is hung before mine eyes,
I stand beside the open door,
Behind that veil the future lies,
I cannot see a step before.

I stand in silence as I watch,
Upon the threshold of the year;
That I, dear Lord, Thy voice may catch,
I lend to Thee my listening ear.

I know not whether sun or shade
Lies stretched before me on the plain;
I know not whether flowers may fade,
Or whether they shall bloom again.

I know not whether bright and clear
And gladsome days before me lie,
Or whether dark and chill and drear
The paths that Thou shalt lead me by.

I know not, and I would not know,
Content I leave it all with Thee;
'Tis ever best it should be so,
As Thou wilt have it, let it be.

And yet I know for every day,
That every step for me is planned;
I surely cannot miss my way,
By keeping hold of Thy dear hand.

And this I know, whate'er betide,
I never shall be left alone,
Thou standest ever by my side,
To Thee my future all is known.

Thus, wheresoe'er my lot may fall,
The way before is marked by Thee,
The windings of my life are all
Unfoldings of Thy love to me.

The Week of Prayer, 1880.

Sunday, Jan. 4.—Sermons on the "fulness of Christ's salvation."

Monday, Jan. 5.—Thanksgiving for the blessings of the past year, and prayer for their continuance.

Tuesday, Jan. 6.—Confession of sin and humiliation before God.

Wednesday, Jan. 7.—Prayer for the Church of Christ, its ministers, its growth in grace and its enlargement, and for revivals of religion.

Thursday, Jan. 8.—Prayer for Christian education, for the family and institutions of learning, for Sunday schools, and Christian associations.

Friday, Jan. 9.—Prayer for nations, rulers, and people, for peace, and religious liberty.

Saturday, Jan. 10.—Prayer for home and foreign missions.

William Halford.—The gunner of the U. S. S. *Lackawanna*, now in this port, has a history of no little interest. William Halford was coxwain of the Captain's gig, on the U. S. Steamer *Saginaw*, which vessel, under the command of Captain Montgomery Sicard, having left Honolulu on the 1st of October, 1870, on a cruise in the North Pacific, went ashore on Ocean Island, distant about 1100 miles northwest of this island, on the 29th of the same month, and in a few hours became a total wreck. Provisions and sails were saved and the crew remained on the barren islet until the 4th of January following, when they were taken off and brought to Honolulu on the steamer *Kilauea*, Capt. Thomas Long, dispatched to their relief by the Hawaiian government immediately on hearing of the disaster. The news had been brought here by Halford, in this wise: On the 16th of November, the Captain's gig, which had been raised upon, decked, and thoroughly fitted for the purpose, sailed from Ocean Island for Honolulu, to procure assistance. She was under command of Lieut. J. G. Talbot, and her crew consisted of William Halford, coxwain, Peter Francis, Jas. Muir, and John Andrews. They were thirty-one days in the boat, suffering many hardships, and made the bay of Hanalei on December 16th at night, and lay off for daylight. Being exhausted, they fell asleep and the boat getting into the breakers was capsized, and Lieut. Talbot, Francis and Andrews were drowned in the surf. Halford and Muir succeeded in reaching the shore—the latter only to die of exhaustion soon after. Halford was hospitably treated by the natives of Kalihiwai, (near Hanalei) where he was found on the beach in the morning, and was brought to Honolulu in the schooner *Waiola*, Capt. Dudoit, who gave up his trip for the purpose. Lieut. Talbot was buried at Hanalei, but the remains were subsequently disinterred and taken to the United States. Captain Sicard, his officers and crew, arrived here on the steamer *Kilauea*, Jan. 14, 1871, and in a published card expressed their appreciation of the generous and kind action of the Hawaiian Government in promptly sending to their relief. In our issue of Jan. 27 we gave a full account of the shipwreck of the *Saginaw*, and of "The midway Island Speculation, and what came of it." Halford, for his exemplary conduct, was given a gunner's commission in the navy, which he has held ever since. Capt. Long, who had volunteered to go in the *Kilauea* for the relief of the shipwrecked crew, was presented by the U. S. Government with a gold chronometer. Through Mr. Peirce, the American Minister Resident, the U. S. Government sent the sum of $108, to be distributed among the natives who rendered assistance to Halford saved property from the wreck of the boat at Kauai.

P. C. Advertiser.

Death's Doings.—Our community was startled by the announcement on Saturday afternoon last, of the death of Mr. S. L. Lewis, a well known dry goods dealer on Nuuanu street. Mr. Lewis had gone to his residence on Beretania street at noon, and was sitting at the dinner table conversing pleasantly with his wife and children, when he suddenly fell over and expired. A post-mortem examination revealed the cause to have been aneurism. He was much respected by all who knew him for his probity of character and kindly disposition.

—On the 1st instant, Mr. Charles H. Rose, of the firm of Wilder & Co., died at his residence in this city of malarial fever, after an illness of two weeks. Few men will be more missed in business circles, where he was deservedly popular, than Mr. Rose. He was born in New York City in 1838, and at the age of 15 removed with his family to Waverly, New York.—*P. C. Advertiser.*

Information Wanted.

If Frank Swanton, from San Francisco, is at work on the Sandwich Islands, he will please communicate with the Editor, or Mrs. R. H. Lambert, President of the Ladies' Seamen's Friend Society, No. 6, Eddy street, San Francisco.

Philadelphia, Nov. 24, 1879.

Dear Sir: I address you with a desire for obtaining, through your influence, information of a friend of mine, Mr. George S. Britton. Some years ago he left California for the Sandwich Islands. Since then nothing has been heard from him. It was understood he was going among the natives. As our Minister to the Islands, you have powers given you, which gives us hopes of receiving good and welcome news of our friend.

Yours, &c., A. E. Griffith,
No. 1321, North 19th st., Philadelphia, Penn.

To General J. M. Comly.

MARRIED.

Green—McGuire—In San Francisco, Nov. 23, by the Rev. Mr. Reed, Fred M. Green to Miss Amelia McGuire of Honolulu.

Kirchoff—Wilhelm—At Hilo, on the 27th Nov., by the Rev. Dr. Forbes, Mr. M. Kirchoff to Miss Caroline Wilhelm. No cards.

DIED.

Woods—On Sept. 30th, at her parents residence, Fairlight, Manly, near Sydney, N. S. W., Maggie Jane, third beloved daughter of John Woods, aged 17 years 7 months and 7 days. Deceased was a late resident of Honolulu

Hattrick—At the Evergreens, New London, Conn., on the 21st ult. Mary Crawford Hattrick, the wife of the late Rev. Joseph Hurlbut, aged 74 years.

Duncan—In this city, December 5, of malarial fever, Rose Bartlett, wife of John A. Duncan, aged 28 years. A tender and watchful mother, a faithful and devoted wife, and a sincere Christian. Our loss is her gain.

Vernon.—In this city, December 7th, Agnus Vernon, wife of Augustus Vernon, aged 35 years.

Shimmin—In this city, December 12, F. A. Shimmin, a native of Illinois, aged about 23 years. Funeral will take place from the residence of Captain Fuller, Nuuanu Avenue, at 3 o'clock this afternoon.

Peterson—In this city, Dec. 11th, of malarial fever, James Austin, son of I. B. and Henrietta A. Peterson, aged 12 years, 1 month and 2 days. He was a youth of singular promise.

Whitney.—In this city December 13th, of typhoid fever, Mary Louise, only daughter of Dr. J M. and Mrs. M. S. Whitney, aged five years two months and fifteen days.

Dwight—At Leleo, Kapalama, on Dec. 13th, James A. Dwight, in the 22d year of his age.

Siders—In this city, on Dec. 15th, Mary E. Siders, aged 27 years, 2 months and 7 days.

Brewer—In this city, December 15th, of typhoid fever, John D. Brewer, aged 34 years. The deceased was a son of Charles Brewer, Esq., of Boston, Mass., and was born in this city, July 30, 1845. Shortly after, the family removed to Boston, and Mr. Brewer graduated at Harvard University in 1866. He returned to Honolulu in 1867, and entered the old-established house of C. Brewer & Co., of which he was a member at the time of his death. In business circles he was noted for strict integrity and probity of character, and his private life was pure. He leaves a widow and four children.

Nott—At Hill Top, Honolulu, Dec. 16th, of typhoid fever, Samuel Wilson, eldest son of Samuel and Mary E. Nott, aged 8 years and 5 weeks.

Banning—In Honolulu, December 18th, Frederick Armstrong, son of Frederick and Clara Banning, aged 10 years 6½ months.

Dwight—In this city, Dec. 17, of malarial fever, Mrs. Anna M. Dwight.

MARINE JOURNAL.

PORT OF HONOLULU, S. I.

ARRIVALS.

Nov 29—Am schr Honora, Seegers, 29 days from Astoria
30—Am bktne Discovery, Smith, 20 days fm S Francisco
Dec 1—Am bktine Grace Roberts, Olsen, 60 days from Newcastle, N S W
2—P M S S City of Sydney, Dearborn, fm S Francisco
Dec 8—Am bk Helena, Snow, 74 days from New Castle
10—Ger bk Auguste, Schumacher, 144 days fm Cardiff
10—Am bktne Monitor, Nelson, 21 days fm Humboldt
11—U S S Lackawanna, Chandler, 59 days fm Samoa
12—Am bktne J A Falkinburg, Hubbart, 19½ days from Portland, O.
Dec 14—Haw bk Hawaii, Wood, 30 days from Jaluit
17—Am schr W H Meyer, Jordan, 20 days from S F
17—Haw brig Julia M Avery, Avery, fm Johnson's Is'd
18—Haw bgtne Storm Bird, Hatfield, 30 days fm Jaluit
19—U S S gunboat Ranger, Boyd, 44 days from Yokohama, en route for San Francisco
19—Am schr Ida Schnauer, Schnauer, 21 dys fm Eureka
Dec 20—Am bk Arkwright, Newhall, 56 days from Newcastle, N S W
21—Am bktne Victor, 42 days from Port Gamble
23—P M S S City of New York, Cobb, from Sydney
25—Am bk Rainier, Wulff, 29 days from Seattle
25—Am tern W L Beebe, Erschen, 22 days from Port Blakely
25—Am bk Camden, Robinson, 25 days fm Port Gamble
25—Am bktne Eureka, Nordberg, 15 days from S F

DEPARTURES.

Dec 1—Brit bk Viola, Price, for Portland, O
2—P M S S City of Sydney, Dearborn, for Sydney
2—Am bk Cyane, Hanson, for San Francisco
2—Kaiatea schr Vivid, English, for Fanning's Island
4—Am bktne Ella, Brown, for San Francisco
Dec 11—Am bktn Laura R Burnham, Phillips, for S Fran
Dec 13—Am bk D C Murray, Ritchie, for San Francisco
17—Am bktne Monitor, Nelson, for Eureka
18—Am bktne Discovery, Smith, for San Francisco
Dec 23—P M S S City of New York, Cobb, passed the port for San Francisco

MEMORANDA.

The following is a list of the officers of the U S S Lackawanna: Captain, Ralph Chandler; Lieut Commander, Yates Stirling; Lieutenants, John J Brice, John B Briggs, Nelson T Houston; Masters, Jeremiah C Burnett, Benjamin F Rinehart; Cadet Midshipmen, C S McClain, J E McDonnell; Surgeon, E S Matthew; Ass't Surgeon, Francis S Nash; Paymaster, Frank H Hinman; Chief Engineer, Richard M Bartleman; Ass't Engineer, Geo W Snyder; Cadet Engineer, Charles L Wight; Second Lieutenant of Marines, James D'Hervilly; Boatswain, James Farrell; Gunner, William Halford; Carpenter, Warren Barnard. Sailmaker, William Redstone: Pay Clerk, W J Larkin.

List of officers of the U S gunboat Ranger: Commander, Robert Boyd; Ex. Officer Lieut W P Randall; Masters, H W Schaefer: Ensigns, A Reynolds, G E Hutter, B O Scott; Chief Engineer, J B Carpenter; P'd Assistant Engineer, W L Bailie; P'd Assistant Surgeon, H L Law; P'd Assistant Paymaster, Z T Brown; Cadet Engineers, F J Schell, H W Spangler; Captain's Clerk, E W Hance; Boatswain, P Johnson.

PASSENGERS.

From Astoria, per Honora, Nov 28—P S Noch, Henrietta Seegers.

From San Francisco, per Discovery, Dec 1—A McWayne and wife, W D McWayne, Madame Louise, Louise Spalding, John Newbigging, John O Ryan, John Green.

For Sydney, per City of Sydney, Dec 1—Miss Rose Cousins, Miss Emily Cousins, L Hambrecht, F Ellis and wife, O Barstow, Miss Tailor, Wm Tidd, James Jenkins, Noel Fresauer, Captain Franck.

For San Francisco, per Ella, Dec 4—T McNulty, Peter Woods, W Stinger, G Schanks.

From San Francisco, per City of Sydney, Dec 1—J T Waterhouse, wife and maid, W W Dimond, Miss Hempstead, Mrs Martin and child, Mr and Mrs Treat, P Isenberg, Miss Isenberg, Miss Thompson, O C Thompson, Miss Johnson, Mrs B W Sears and child, J C Glade, A S Hartwell, Henry Castle, Mrs and Miss Castle, Miss M Talcott, Capt Briggs, C P Ward, wife and two children, Miss F Dickson, A Ehlers, W S Toler, F M Hanley, F A Hamdon, Miss T Lyons, Mr Lyons, Mr and Mrs Sielerger, Miss Paty, Wm Paty, G Macfariane, W G Irwin, J B Castle and wife, L L Rice, J M Thompson, G Remnant, Carl Gung, Wm Herb, H Bradley, Mrs J Chilton, J Gertz and wife, Joe Suhan, B Cross, S Rodemann, H A Myhue, L Myhue and wife, John Ferris, Joseph Ferris, Mrs K Townsend, E Buckley, Thomas Sadler, Thomas Meirs, M Ware, J M Raupp, H Miller, Mrs Miller and child, D S Sears, S Olsen, E Sullivan, W H Thompson, T J Reardon, J W Smith, C W Andrews, T K McDonald, H Schroeder, Hugo Mulko, J Cameron, J Fletcher, J H Seaton, H E Gardner, F Anderson, F Richards, M Brown, J Ramsdale, F Davis, T S Collins, H Mackey, G S Smith, M Watson and wife, and 13 Chinese. 73 passengers in transitu.

From Eureka, per Monitor, Dec 11—E B Bartlett.

From Portland, O, per Jane A Falkinburg, Dec 12—Mr and Mrs C F Mayhew, Mr and Mrs P J Mann, E F Allbright, Capt John Wolfe.

For San Francisco, per D C Murray, Dec 13—G M Francis, H Friedlander, Miss Strand, Lieut J d'Hervilley, Geo H Craig, Dr Spiers, D Wayland, D Kenealy, Mrs Garrick.

From Jaluit, per Hawaii, Dec 15—G E G Jackson, H Thede and child, and 286 islanders, including men, women and children.

From Jaluit, per Storm Bird, Dec 18—107 islanders, men, women and children.

For San Francisco, per Discovery, Dec 18—Dr Hunter, Capt Perryman, Capt Wentworth, Col Norris, Chas Lewis.

From Port Gamble, per Camden, Dec 26—3 Chinese.

From Port Blakely, per Wm L Beebe, Dec 26—T Heron.

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USUAL LIFE RATES.

Domestic Chinese Question.

"KEAIWA, KAU, Dec. 12, 1879.

"MY DEAR DR. DAMON: * * *

Your Thanksgiving sermon deserves a wider circulation than it can possibly get in any of our Island periodicals, and I hope it will receive it. Although you do not say so in so many words, yet I gather that you advocate unrestricted Chinese immigration into Hawaii nei. I formerly held this view, but since I have witnessed their corrupting influence on the native female population, I say, if we must have Chinese, let their numbers be restricted to those who are willing *to bring their families*, their wives and children, to remain and become permanent settlers among us. To all such immigrants, be they Portuguese, Japanese, Chinese or South Sea Islanders, I say, let them come; nay, more, *help them to come*, and give them every inducement to settle. I would go still farther,—offer a premium for every female or child who comes here *to remain*. The simplest way to do this is to offer them a *free passage* from China, Japan or the South Sea Islands, with the above condition.

If I am not mistaken, the Chinese Government formerly tabued the departure of females to foreign countries; and if the law or custom is not now as rigidly enforced as formerly, the women still fear the old law, which was undoubtedly established for the self-preservation of the Chinese people. Now, if that government made a law of this nature with this object in view, we certainly cannot be blamed if we make a law designed for the preservation of the Hawaiian people, by compelling Chinese wishing to settle here to bring their families with them. Our interests require guarding as much as theirs. There is no injustice in this. We simply say to Chinese and all others, the wants of Hawaii nei demand that immigrants who come here in large numbers *must* bring their wives with them. All such will be welcomed as permanent settlers, from whatever country they come. And my own belief is that we have only *to let this be known* to the common people of China, as it is being made known among the South Seas, and females will migrate hither as freely as do the males. We have no means of publishing this to them (in China or Japan), and the best way to make them acquainted with it will be to pass a law and compel them to comply with its demands, which all who seek to come here will very soon learn."

We have received the above letter from our old editorial associate, H. M. Whitney, Esq., of Kau. It did not fall within the line of remarks which we had sketched for that discourse to comment upon the "Domestic Chinese Question." We hardly think the reader would be justified in drawing the inference from that discourse, or any other writings of ours, that we "advocated unrestricted Chinese immigration into the Hawaiian Islands." So far is this from being true, that privately and publicly we have urged the point, that not only Chinese immigrants should bring their wives, but also immigrants from America and Europe. We

have written letters upon this subject to China, and made it a special point with the Chinese themselves who were going to China and were expecting to return. The following editorial appeared in the FRIEND in July last:

"Has not the time about come for the Hawaiian Government to take decided action about the introduction of so many Chinese immigrants, unaccompanied by their wives? Would it not be well to convene the leading and prominent Chinese merchants of Honolulu, and let the subject be fairly discussed? Does not the magnitude of the subject demand the appointment of a Minister Plenipotentiary who shall visit China and confer with the authorities? If the Hawaiian Government supports a Minister at Washington, ought it not also to support a Minister or Consul-General at Pekin? Hawaiian affairs are as deeply involved in what passes in China as what passes in America. The California watchword may be, "The Chinese must go," but that of Hawaii is, "The Chinese must come," to work our cane and rice fields. Now let us treat them fairly, and do all in our power to introduce Chinese families and diffuse among them Christianity."

This editorial does not convey the idea that we advocate "unrestricted immigration from China." Touching this question of the Chinese and the proper manner of treating them, we would add in conclusion: We have no sympathy with the policy which has been pursued in Peru, Cuba and California, of inviting Chinese laborers and then reducing them to slavery, or treating them otherwise than as free and voluntary immigrants who have the same right to "come and go" as immigrants from any other country. To no other country have Chinese immigrants been more cordially invited—nay, urged to come and labor, than to these Hawaiian Islands. The Hawaiian Government, Board of Immigration and planters have combined to make the *passage easy* for the Chinese to leave their own country and come hither. The record of Dr. Hillebrand's mission to China and the East Indies, and the mission of the Hon. Mr. Wilder as the planters' agent, are fresh in mind. To induce them to migrate hither, their passages have been paid wholly or in part.

Referring to the question of the Chinese bringing their wives, it is a noteworthy fact that the only ship which has ever brought a due proportion of respectable women and children was the last ship chartered by Mr. Aseu, about two years ago. More than one-half of this ship's company of immigrants were Christians from the German church in China. We are happy to bear the most unqualified testimony to the good character of these Christian immigrants.

One paragraph more. For more than twenty years we have been laboring to Christianize our Chinese immigrants, and for more than ten years we have sustained a Chinese school at the Bethel, in Honolulu, where nearly two hundred Chinese have been taught the English language, and some of these are now members of Christian churches. While we have never exerted our influence to invite Chinese to come, we have aimed to Christianize those who have come; and this will be our aim in the future. We opened with a letter from Mr. Whitney; we close with a letter just received from the Rev. Mr. Happer, a missionary of the American Board in Canton:

CANTON, CHINA, Oct 15, 1879.

REV. DR. DAMON.

My Dear Brother: We have been separated from each other by the Pacific for these thirty odd years. While I have known much of you, I have never had any personal intercourse. Now, as Canton is to be connected with Honolulu by a line of steamers, and as the number of Chinese who will be in your Islands will be increased, I feel free to write to you of matters of common interest connected with the cause of Christ. I feel much connected with Chinese interest there, as two of my pupils, Ho Pui and Shin Chak, are your colporteurs, and an acquaintance, Sit Moon, is temporary pastor of the Chinese church in Honolulu. I write to say, that if we can help the work amongst the Chinese in your midst in any way, by sending books or tracts, we will be glad to do so. Letters from any of the Chinese to their friends here may be sent to me. In view of the increased number of Chinese there, I would advise that one of your young ministers should come to Canton and study Chinese for two years or more. You will find it very difficult to carry on the work among the Chinese unless some American understands Chinese. There is a want of integrity even amongst Chinese Christians which you will have to guard against. There is a Wesleyan here from Australia studying Chinese, in order to have charge of the work there on his return. The Presbyterians of Australia took Rev. D. Vrooman from this place to superintend their work there. It appears to me that you will need to put forth strenuous efforts to Christianize the Chinese in your Islands, or there is danger that they will turn many of your own islanders back to heathenism. You will notice that an Agent goes from here to the Islands. It appears to me very important that, in any arrangements made, there should be a stipulation for women and children to go. This was the regulation in the emigration to Demerara, and was the most important and beneficial of all the regulations. The emigrants there are doing very well and becoming Christians. Give my Christian regards to Sit Moon, Ho Pui and Shing Chak. Ho Pui is the best Chinese scholar of any of them, and would make a good teacher for anyone who wanted to study Chinese there. Hoping to hear from you by the return steamer, and praying that God may bless all your efforts to Christianize the Chinese in your Islands,

I remain, yours in Christian bonds,

A. P. HAPPER.

We are glad to hear such testimony from Rev. Mr. Happer respecting some of our Chinese Christian workers on the Hawaiian Islands, viz., Sit Moon, acting pastor of Chinese Church, Honolulu; Wong Ee, Hilo, Hawaii; Kong Tit Yen, Kohala, Hawaii; Sat Fan, Makawao, Maui; Shin Chak, Oahu; Ho Pui, Kauai.

Shin Chak has recently left for California, but he is expected to return. Before leaving he made the tour of the districts of Hilo, Hamakua and Kohala, preaching among the Chinese on the plantations, having been sustained by funds contributed privately by J. T. Waterhouse, Esq.

☞ Our readers, we think, will peruse with interest two letters which we have recently received from two of our Chinese colporteurs, Sat Fan on Maui, and Ho Pui on Kauai. The former is one of those receiving honorable mention in Dr. Happer's letter:

KOLOA, Dec. 5, 1879.

REV. S. C. DAMON.—My Dear Sir: I received your letter last month and ought to answer you immediately, but my eye has been sick. This is reason I do not write. Please excuse me. I was around the Island the third time, and know four men who like trust Jesus Christ. For I have seen them reading Bible when they have time, and they tell me pray to God to help them. They go to native church every week. Please you pray the Lord give Holy Spirit to them to deliver them from evil.

The Lord bless you and your family.

HO PUI.

PALUILI, MAKAWAO, Nov. 14, 1879.

REV. S. C. DAMON.—Dear Sir: I have heard bad news from a Christian man, who said your son has died with a high fever last week. My dear sir, do not feel troubled for him, because he die by God's providence. I think God will receive his soul up to heaven. Now you should take good care of your health. Do not be over sorry; if you sorry so much I fear that you will be failing in your health. Please see the Holy Bible instructs us, because God's hand has shield us from every danger in this world. God might be able to preserve his soul too when he died. Although we cannot see him at this time, we shall see him in the Kingdom of God. My dear sir, I wish to go to see you, but I cannot go, for there is a great deal to do here. So it make me very sorry. Now I only write to you to comfort you, and I will pray to God to bless you and give you strength to publish the gospel of Jesus at Honolulu; and God also make you to instruct all heathen and foreign people with comfort. Afterwards all the heathen people will believe on God at your preaching. Now I tell you about myself. Sir, I preach in this island of Maui with very good attendance of a great many Chinese who has been baptized by Rev. Mr. Rouse last month, and also thirty Chinese who had joined the Y. M. C. A. Now I have found some more

Chinese who would like to believe on God, whom I hope will become a church for the Chinese Christian here, and I also hope you will pray to God for me that He will make me to do many things for God, so it will make my soul to go home with triumph. I hope you will excuse me for any mistake, and please give my compliments to Rev. Dr. Hyde.

Yours very truly, Y. S. SATFAN.

The Christian Chinese here ask me to compliment you and Rev. Dr. Hyde.

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Young Men's Christian Association of Honolulu.

Pure religion and undefiled before God, the Father, is this:
To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep one's self unspotted from the world.

THIS PAGE IS

Edited by a Committee of the Y. M. C. A.

The Y. M. C. A. meet the third Thursday of every month, at the Lyceum, for business and discussion.

The topic for discussion at the January meeting is, "Our duty in regard to preventible conditions of disease."

All interested in Y. M. C. A. work are cordially invited to attend.

LIST OF OFFICERS AND STANDING COMMITTEES OF THE Y. M. C. A.

President, W. R. Castle; Vice President, Dr. J. M. Whitney; Secretary, W. A. Kinney; Treasurer, —— ——.

Reading Room Committee—E. Dunscombe

Editor—Charles Peterson, Editor of the 8th page of THE FRIEND for this quarter.

Chinese Mission Committee—Rev. S. C. Damon, H. Waterhouse, J. B. Atherton, Rev. C. M. Hyde.

Entertainment Committee—Wm O. Smith, T. H. Davies.

Employment Committee—S. B. Dole, E. Dunscombe, B. F. Dillingham.

Committee to Visit the Hospital and Prison—G. C. Lees, E. Dempsie, W. W. Hall, Dr. C. M. Hyde.

OUR plan, as set forth above, — the struggle to maintain a pure religion before God—comes home to us with renewed force at the beginning of this new year. The past lies dead behind us, and yet in its offspring, the present, we recognize, in changed form, the pure spirit of the old. Progress has been made, but thoughtful activity is ever the necessity. Ministrations have been made to the bereaved, and we count as fatherless and friendless, not alone those whose earthly ties have been sundered, but recognise also those whom the terms in their widest application would embrace — the wanderers through the world with no infinite hand to guide them. There are those whose hearts know not the feeling induced by heavenly love and paternal protection; those whom adversity has claimed as its victims; those to whom earthly justice has meted out punishment; those whose feet have been stumbling along life's pathway ever since they first breathed the air of heaven, whose minds have always been enveloped in the darkness of a spiritual night. These are to be considered "in affliction." The command comes, "Visit them." We are not to wait till the temporal or spiritual cloud has lifted; but while the shadows still shroud the soul in darkness, then is the time to let in the bright rays of consolation and sympathy. The work has been begun and is progressing. The Prison and Hospital are visited weekly, and their inmates helped and comforted as far as possible.

Then, too, an attack has been made upon heathendom in these Islands; and to show a result of this attack, we have simply to mention the report before the Y. M. C. A. at its last meeting, in which it was stated that 21 Chinese had been admitted to membership in Rev. Mr. Rouse's church, Maui. Still there is ample room for Christian work. Now, when we have accomplished all this, when we have done our duty faithfully to the sick and imprisoned, we have attained, as it seems, the easiest part of the requirements of Pure Religion. We have worked for others; but that is not enough. "To keep one's self unspotted from the world" is still incumbent. And how much that means! The effort is a life work. The struggle is against self and the natural heart. Obstacles of evil are on every hand, and instead of straight, the path ahead seems crooked indeed. Perfection is impossible with finite beings, and some stains will cling; but with the primal motive, God's will, those spots will be washed out in forgiveness. Have we this "Religion undefiled?" The present is with us. The needy are around us, and if our own hearts are right, the only question with each one of us will be, How shall we best attain the requirements of pure religion? Then, when another year has flown, in the present that shall confront us we shall trace the lineaments of a past full of glorious achievements.

In One Life-time.

Some one has recently written: "I am not an old man, yet in material things I have seen the creation of a new world. I am contemporary with the railroad, the telegraph, the steamship, the photograph, the steam plow, the friction match, gaslight, chloroform, nitro-glycerine, the monitor, the caloric engine, the California gold discoveries, the oil-well discoveries, gutta percha, canned fruits, the electric light, the telephone, etc. Gentlemen conservatives, these are some of the footprints of material progress of the present generation. Do you think the moral world will remain the same as before? that society will be unaffected by these changes? If you do, let me call your attention to the fact that this same generation has seen the abolition of slavery on a grand scale, the ascendancy of republican America, the opening of China and Japan, the institution of world's fairs, the spread of the insurance system, and the agitation for the freedom of women. And the march is steadily on, with accelerating motion. What is its meaning? Where will it end?"

THE meeting of the Association took place Thursday evening, Dec. 18th. The attendance was very poor, there being but ten members present. After various items of business and reports from members of committees, the subject "Unequal Taxation', was discussed. We call attention to the subject for next month in our advertisement, and would ask for a fair atendance at least of the members of the Association.

THE corner-stone of a new Congregational chapel was recently laid at Milton, England, by a member of the Established Church, and an English Church newspaper, commenting on the fact, says: "In these days many a good Churchman is thankful to have a Dissenting chapel to go to, who would never have been induced to cross its threshold before our churches were turned into Mass-houses."

"THE wind is unseen, but it cools the brow of the fevered one, sweetens the summer atmosphere, and ripples the surface of the water into silver spangles of beauty. So goodness of heart, though invisible to the material eye, makes its presence felt, and from its effects upon surrounding things we are assured of its existence."

RUSKIN never said a truer thing than this: "If you want knowledge, you must toil for it; if food, you must toil for it; and if pleasure, you must toil for it. Toil is the law. Pleasure comes through toil, and not by self-indulgence and indolence. When one gets to loving work, his life is a happy one. Said a poor man in Brooklyn, the other day, with a family of eleven to provide for: "If I were worth a million dollars I should not wish to do much different than I do now every day, working hour after hour. I love it a thousand times better than to rest." He has for nearly half a century been surrounded by workers, and has caught the spirit of industry. He loves his work better than food or sleep. He is happy who has conquered laziness once and forever.

He that has an eye and a heart can even now say, Why should I falter? Light has come into the world; to such as love light, so as light must be loved, with a boundless, all-doing, all-enduring love.

Here on earth we are as soldiers fighting in a foreign land, that understand not the plan of the campaign, and have no need to understand it, seeing well what is at our hand to be done. Let us do it like soldiers, with submission, with courage, with a heroic joy. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might." Behind us, behind each one of us, lie six thousand years of human effort, human conquest. Before us is the boundless time, with its as yet uncreated and unconquered continents and Eldoradoes, which we, even we, have to conquer, to create; and from the bosom of eternity there shine for us celestial guiding stars.

"My inheritance, how wide and fair!
Time is my fair seed field—of time I'm heir."
—*Carlyle.*